

Two One Two

Smoke DZA

Righttttttttt
These fuck boys be wanksters
I don't really know who what, filled them tanks up
Comin' through like they wan' front, get them spanked up
They must really think our guns filled with blanks huh?
Like black ain't got strap in the lobby
Like a mosh pit, guaranteed catchin' a body
You know my set foul ever since we was snotty
You know 9/11 niggas stay catching them hommeys uh

So what you gon' say?
All you dudes talk tuff all your dudes don't play
Well I don't believe that shit, I think you're Crews blades
And we expose you niggas if you come our way

So don't play with me son
The Kush God, never bite the hand you eat from
The rap world, still don't get it, they sleep son
Either that or the nigga just really dumb
But fuck that, I'm just making my runs
Downtown Harlem nigga, get it poppin' with anyone
Them niggas can't talk cause they don't get any funds
And they bread tight as they denim come
But they can't last with the heathens
I be on the block sour D'in'
And then them cops caught me sleepin'
I guess that joint gettin' eaten
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I'm from the 212
I'm on the Downtown side, what you wan' do?
I got my joint lit. And I'm faded too
But watch for the black Impala when they come through

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Cause they high blowers. Known for fucking 'round with the high
rollers